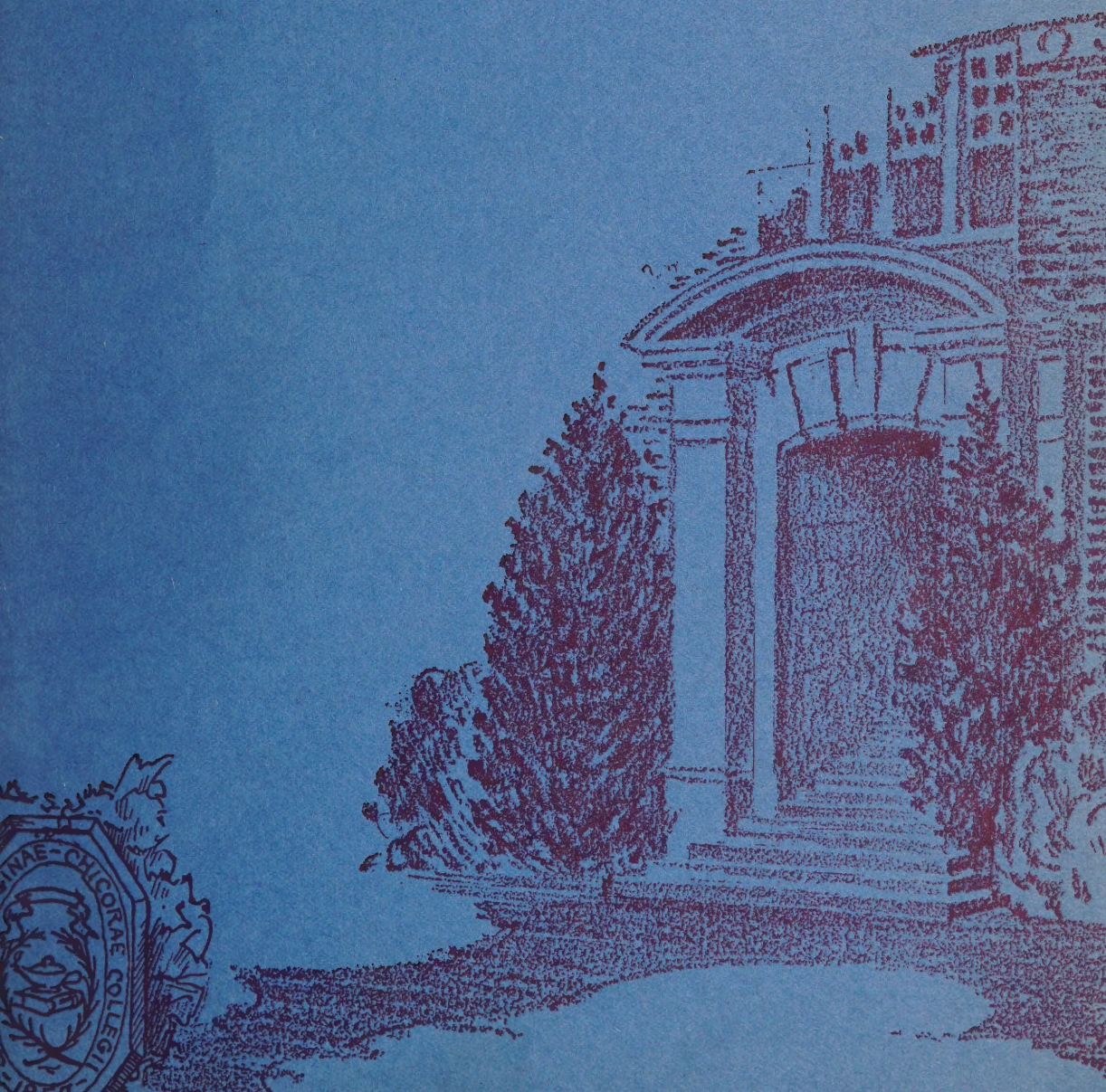
THE SCEPTRE

MAY, 1934



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Birches

The Birches are white fingers,
Clean and snowy white fingers,
Graceful, curving white fingers
Holding the lake as a cup.
At dusk the sunset lingers,
In gold and red it lingers
Putting jewels on the showy fingers
As they hold the blue cup up.

MARION F. TOWNSEND.

THE SCEPTRE

MAY, 1934

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE

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THE SCEPTRE

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Editorial

Along a hill there walks a girl. Fresh, clean winds go arm in arm with her; and in her eyes there is a kinship with the heavens. Within one hand there is a book; and in the other is a lamp, for loneliness creeps into every heart, and darkness climbs as high as hillsides.

She hears the voices in the quiet and the solitude—this girl—, and understands them after having read her book, the record men have gathered from the ages. To her ears come the songs from the Infinite, and from her they shall pass to those who follow her along the path she marks.

At night she cups within her hand the flame of her small lamp, that she may blind her eyes against the dark. Her face is toward the East, and from her lips there comes a wisdom older than the hills she walks upon, and surer than the sun within the sky.

I Think I Shall Never Forget . . .

FLORENCE MOFFETT

Black, slender tree trunks and slants of yellow gold that light green grass, making an evening pattern of our back campus.

A straight line of regal iris, and the one hundred and eighty white dogwood trees cushioning the white full-moonlight.

A certain old pine tree, tall and clean against any sky, so like a fine old Christian gentleman we know, listing only with the winds of real concern but never bent—even by them.

The window seats, not duplicable anywhere, whose pillows have known happy riot and peaceful tears alike.

The infirmary—and there a homelike personality who efficiently spreads clean white sheets on high beds, and who likewise efficiently spreads clinging, burning mustard plasters on chests and backs.

The row of offices in Burwell—each ticking out efficiency of its kind—a penetrating pipe smell curling out from one, a beautiful white head bent faithfully over the desk of another.

That feeling, never known before—not understood now,—that feeling of rather appalling life transcended only by the surety of God-guided future.

"The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high."

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

Fictional Biography

ANN McLAUGHLIN

"And Reality, if rightly interpreted is greater than Fiction."

BOSWELL.

The term fictional biography which has become so popular in the last few years, is a natural outgrowth of fiction and biography. Ever since the early beginning of fiction, the readers have shown that character, its development, its portrayal, its analysis is of chief importance in determining the merit of the novel. We are interested in reading about other men, but more than that we want to read about real men whose lives we are familiar with and whose services we admire.

Think of the avidity with which we pick out the biographical and autobiographical portions—or those considered as such—in books of fiction. See how keen we are to find allusions to Dickens' childhood in *David Copperfield* and to little Mary Ann Evans in the story of Maggie Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss.* We see Mary Ann Evans' aunt in Diana Morris from *Adam Bede.* Later, in *A Lodging for the Night,* by Stevenson, we recognize "the real Villon given out of Villon's own poems with the setting laid in France of the fifteenth century."[1] These authors ruled their matter of fact under matter of fiction. However, Henry James admitted the autobiographical purpose in three volumes of his, one of which is *"The Middle Years."*

On the other hand biography which is one of the most ancient forms of literature, was written in its earlier forms to minister to the pride of the great or to teach a moral from the life of a saint. Benvenuto Cellini gave an excellent picture of the Renaissance and of himself also in his

1—Macaulay, George, 'History and Fiction," Liv. Age, 313:565-73.

autobiography. Because the desire of the edification of the reader was so evident, there was no work of genuinely biographical interest until the seventeenth century.

Even then the readers already knew the bare facts of the men's lives as found in documents and newspapers, and they did not appreciate the serious, matter-of-fact style. Such accounts usually began thus: On April 23rd, 1563, in the town of Stratford there was born a son to Mary Arden and John Shakespeare. However, let us not consider Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and Lockhart's *Life of Scott* in this group, for these perhaps "in all literature are not surpassed for mastery of portraiture."[2]

Biography was in effect a sort of extended epitaph—and is to some degree today. "Usually the biographer waited for his subject to die, and then, with an elaboration measured by pages and volumes rather than by lines, proceeded to say what the graver of tombstones would condense into a few pregnant phrases."[3]

Autobiography too had that same restraint, with the exception of *Pepy's Diary*, which was not written for publication. Men felt that their private lives, their joys and sorrows were not for the public, but as Stevenson put it, in this world of imperfections, we gladly welcome even partial intimacies."[4] Since no man can know another man's inner life as he can his own, autobiography was destined to answer the demands which have fully developed since the World War.

Thus biographical fiction grew. The writers told of their experiences or experiences of others. For what else did they know? At first it was not acknowledged; later there was no concealment. Biography grew from moralizing and eulogizing to the straight forward statement of facts. Autobiography became less restrained, and today we have the fictional biography, a combination of the creation and imagination of fiction, the fact of biography, the naturalness and intimacy of autobiography.

"As soon as a writer of biography abandons his documents and indulges in what is charitably called a reconstruction of his subject's thoughts and feelings basing it not on documents but on an application of the general principles of psychology, he ceases to be a biographer and becomes a romancer."[5] The success is due very little to any historical merit his work may have. It is due partly to a natural human curiosity about other people—What was Queen Victoria really like?—but it is mainly due to the author's skill in telling a story and in imagining a character.

2—Lincoln Library, 1699.
3—On Novelistic Biographies, Rev. of Rev., 72:553-4.
4—Matson, "The Art of Biography," Outlook, 119:30-2.
5—Storm, "Autobiography and the Novel," Bookman, 72:557-565.

The writings of Mr. Lytton Strachey are among the most familiar examples of the new method "in which there is much less formal statement of fact, much more informal framing of interpretation and drawing of inferences from scattered bits of record in word and deed. The new is not an easy method if it is to be practiced to any illuminating purpose, for its practitioner is under the necessity of saturating himself so completely in his subject as to be capable equally of analysis and synthesis in dealing with it."[6] The biographer must always combine the function of chronicler and interpreter.

In *Elizabeth and Essex* we feel that we are hearing from a person intimately acquainted with Elizabeth's personality—her impetuosity, her lack of ability to make decisions. We are not getting the cold facts of a dignified queen in her dealings with affairs of state. Strachey sympathizes with Elizabeth when she sends Essex to the block. He also creates a most appealing picture of Essex as he meets death. To add romance, Strachey tells the story—supposedly true—of the ring Elizabeth gave Essex saying that when he returned it all would be forgiven. As Essex was confined in the tower awaiting death, he entrusted the ring to a boy to give it to Lady Scrope, who would give it to the Queen. By mistake he gave it to Lady Nottingham, who kept it and said nothing. On her death bed she confessed all to the Queen, who replied "God may forgive you, madam, but I never can."

All of the affairs of state the power of Bacon, the Irish trouble, Spain's interest are merely as background for the understanding and sympathy of Elizabeth and her treatment of Essex.

Andre Maurois is another of this type biographer. His *Ariel:Life of Shelley* deals in a most sympathetic way with the life of a poet who is disturbed by the teaching of his day in spite of all that had been previously written to overshadow his character. Maurois does not try to justify or cover the fact that Shelley did not treat his wife Mary Godwin as he should. On the other hand Maurois shows that she could not give him the inspiration that his soul found in her sister's company. Shelley's searching for his child's health and his grief upon the death of the child show his intense love. The days and nights of waiting upon the lapping sandy shores for the Shelley, who was never to return arouses the sympathy of all true hearts. Maurois has a soothing sympathetic charm so appropriate to the restless, longing soul of Shelley. Also E. Barrington's *Glorious Apollo*: *Bryon* belongs to this same group.

6—Opus cit, page 4, Note 2.

When dealing with autobiography, curiosity again accounts for a fair proportion of readers. We rush to read Mr. Robert Graeves' book very much "as our ancestors grasped at the ballads for sale under the gallows at Tyburn—the highwayman's last confession."[7] He is telling the truth about himself and his life. He is not a great figure. Mr. Graeves' book is not a fairy story but a true relation of life to the thirtieth year of this obscure young poet. Surely that satisfies a hunger greater than mild curiosity.

Autobiography was hastened in the forcing house of the War. There were the historical instances which made such an impression on men that they could not translate them into fiction. Over this period the novels have become increasingly autobiographical in content. J. L. Hardy's *I Escape* is the story of his imprisonment by the Germans. For hours, for days he chiseled the mortar from between the bricks, timed every move of the guards, planned every detail of clothing, passport and the like, and finally he broke to freedom. Unlike most war stories this lacks the intense emotional appeal. The finest achievement of modern autobiography is the war book proper, *War and Peace* by Galsworthy; perhaps the best of this kind is fiction, although many others are pure autobiography."[8]

Because it is difficult to determine what is fictional biography and what is biographical fiction, let us think of a few classed as fiction with biographical content. Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey* uses the facts of the life of the daughter of Madame de Stael in the Marquesa de Montemayor. Desiring the glories she had heard of in Spain, the Marquesa left her lonely mother, who was always waiting word from her daughter. Again it is Wilder's style that makes the book so classic.

These biographical novels usually center around one person. They are written to make the *person* but not the facts of his life live. In *The Black King of Haiti* we read the story of the life of the black king—his humble birth, his building the fort of solid rock in the harbor, his narrow escape from death at the hand of his enemies, his gorgeous palace of golden splendor beyond description, and finally his death at his own hand as his enemies search the palace for him. We care not whether the facts are true. The novel is full of romance and adventure which accounts for its recent popularity.

Today we are anxious to read about real people who have had some of the hardships we have endured. No longer is the perfect man a subject for biography. It is the everyday man. We want to know his weaknesses as well as his strength. We like the autobiography of the natural

7—Opus cit, page 6.
8—Storm Jameson, "Autobiography and the Novel. Bookman. 12:557-565, F. 131.

man. This is an age of looking within, breaking down barriers of dignity and reserve. "The breakdown of the old nil nisi bonum theory is a tendency to see things as nearly as possible as they are—to seek at all cost for realism, call it what you will."[6]

Of the most recent fictional biography Francis Winevar's *Poor Splendid Wings* attracts our attention because it deals with the Rosettis, with the Pre-Raphaelite movement and its contribution to art. Here we make friends with and learn to understand and sympathize more fully with the Rosettis and their circle—Christina and Gabriel Rosetti, John Ruskin and John Everett Millais seem more human and less ethereal than other biographies have painted them to be.

Since an author often gains fame by writing about an already famous person, as Dr. Archibald Henderson did with *G. B. Shaw*, we are not surprised that Queen Christina has been chosen as the subject for a fictional biography. We know not whether her father had been so determined to have a son that the attendants were afraid to tell him they were mistaken and that it was a daughter, but we do catch a glimpse of his domineering personality. We are sorry for her because she seems so lonely, because she is refused entrance into Sweden. As in all fictional biography, we get an excellent picture of her shabby, masculine person.

Because the Brownings have been so popular in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* Elizabeth Browning's dog has been the subject of two biographies which appeared simultaneously. Virginia Woolf's *Flush* has more literary value and is a truer picture of Elizabeth Browning's own Flush, but Flora Merrill's *Flush of Broadway and Wimpole Street* is delightful because of its illustrations done by Edwina. We can just see beautiful, vain Flush a bit jealous because the baby received more attention. Imagination certainly filled in the few recorded facts of Flush's life.

An autobiography too romantic to be true—but alleged as such—is Joan Lowell's *Cradle of the Deep.* She claims to have been taken as a mere babe on the high seas to be raised by her father, with only sailors as companions. Her first accomplishment was learning to spit a curve in the wind. She was so rough and wild that when she was taken home, her mother had to call the fire department to get her out of a tree. There is no real literary merit in this, although Joan Lowell gained a fortune from this realistic presentation of the almost impossible.

In Fay's *Life of Washington* we see not the lad who cut down the cherry tree, but the boy who was rejected in love because he was not socially and financially prominent enough.

9—"On Novelistic Biographies," Review of Reviews, 72:553-4, H. '25.

Until just now fiction was the one and only gate by which the common man could step beyond the narrow limits of his own world into a world peopled by all the strange, the passionately interesting creations of the novelist. The older biographers were of no use to him, they were as dull and discreet as tombstones giving nothing away. Now to the characters of fiction are being added characters from the actual world, obligingly self-confessed."[10]

10—Storm Jameson, "Autobiography and the Novel," Bookman, 12:557-565, F. '31.

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FICTIONAL BIOGRAPHY

I. Early biographical references in fiction. II. Early biography. III. Early autobiography. IV. Biographer skill. V. Mr. Lytton Strachey. VI. Andre Maurois. VII. Autobiography: Robert Graeves. VIII. Biographical fiction. IX. Present day fictional biography. X. Conclusion—Biography a new opening to the comman man.

To You

I could be a lot of things to you
As refreshing as the dew-drop
Upon an hyacinth's lip;
As restful as the music of my soul
When you are near;
As flaming as the poppies
That set the wheat afire;
As passionate as the throbbing, restless chant
Of refugees;
As soft as the satin pillow
'Pon which we might have knelt.

* * * * *

Take back the hope you gave . . . .
I claim only a mem'ry of the same.

EVE HILL.

On Sleeping Three-in-a-Bed

(Apologies to Leigh Hunt)

A SLEEPY SENIOR

Nine hundred ninety-eight, ninety-nine —" Who started all this hooey about counting sheep, anyway?

Slowly and quietly pulling my wandering pajama leg from beneath one of my cohort's lower limbs, I tried to turn without disturbing my two sleeping bed-mates, who, strange as it may seem, were peacefully and diligently breathing. Those heavy sighs which escape from one lost in the arms of Morpheus.

Fate had evidently been against me that night, because the short straw had surely fallen to me, and I had hesitatingly settled myself between my two friends. Being of a "piggish" nature and being used to an entire bed in which to "angularize" myself, I was a bit doubtful as to the amount of comfort I would get in such a position. However, I resolved to make the best of a bad situation and lie patiently awaiting the unconsciousness of sleep to relieve me of my misery. Evidently my friends did not have my eccentricities, for they were sleeping soundly. The one on my right with her hand thrown across my face, and the one on my left with her knee boring a neat hole between ribs seven and eight in my back.

I gave them both a push and while the way was clear, stretched myself on my stomach with arms straight overhead. Since the change of position was somewhat of a relief, and since I had given up the sheep idea as a hopeless one, my wandering thoughts again played "tit-tat-toe" across my brain.

Why did Julia wear that horrible shade of green at the tea this afternoon. She looked as if she were a walking corpse. Some people do have the least taste. Did Doris tell me that Helen was going to marry Jim,

or did I just imagine it? Yes, she did. I remember now. She whispered to me just as old Miss Jane came in and I had to rush over to talk to her. She is a sweet thing—Looked nice, too. . . . When am I going to write that term paper? . . . O gee, why do we have to be bothered with such? I can't possibly do it before the holidays. Will I be glad when June comes? No lessons—nothing! But what will I do. Certainly don't want to teach? Guess I'll sit at home and twiddle the thumbs—O well . . be a relief—Feature spending spring vacation writing a term paper—disgusting, I calls it."

"Grace, Grace, move over, please, I'm smothering!" With a grunt Grace gave me a half inch expanse and I promptly expanded, fully convinced that I would get no sleep during the night. I was already exhausted with much moving and twisting in order to keep the blood circulating in my body!

Wonder what time it is? It couldn't possibly be more than three-thirty. I wonder if I can be here until seven without screaming? . . . Surely that isn't the milkman? . . . Nice mattress, this—if I only had a little more room.

While wavering between the state of reality and unconsciousness, there flashed across my mind this thought: Why not write an essay on sleeping three in a bed. Leigh Hunt wrote one on getting up on cold mornings. Surely one who has experienced such a state of unhappiness could sympathize with me. On second thought: Wonder how I sleep?

Just as I settled myself to write the essay in my mind, Sandy Sandman kindly sprinkled my eyes with his dusty sleep, and with the final thought of "perhaps I will write one some time," I heaved a big sigh which immediately deepened into a snore.

Friendfield

REBECCA McCLARY

Never shall I forget the funny little chill that played up and down my spine when I first stepped out of the car and gazed at what was to be my future home. But it would have been very unusual had I done anything else, for, from the very first moment when people learned that we had bought the old plantation and were going there to live, all sorts of strange and singular tales drifted in to us.

To begin with, the house had been uninhabited for over forty years because the original owner had met with an accident while horseback riding early one morning, and, when the news of his death was brought to the family, they immediately quitted the place, never to return. It was rumored that the master had been shot from ambush, and that the murderer had never been found. The old house was left open to the curious eyes of the public, who stripped it of its beauty in the attempt to obtain souvenirs. Later the estate passed into other hands, but remained uninhabited until the moment when we stood before it, wondering if perhaps some ghostlike figures might not then be passing through those spacious chambers, or peering at us from behind closed attic blinds.

Then, too, there had come to us the story of a secret passage leading underground from the house to the opposite side of the river. Some said it was used by the Confederate soldiers during the Civil War, but the negroes whispered that the old master had spirited people away through this passage. As I peered through the overgrown underbrush all around me, while recalling those mysterious rumors, I began to feel as though I would never enjoy a peaceful moment in my new home. It was with a feeling of panic that I clutched my mother's frocktail and mustered a smile as we climbed up those tapering red stone steps and hesitated on the porch. It was a beautiful old porch of red-blocked stone with a tall black iron balustrade surrounding it. Large double doors opened into a wide hall which stretched the entire length of the house. On each side of the hall were three doors leading into barnlike chambers and from each of the front chambers similar doors opened into small halls with steps on one side leading down to cement cellars, and a door on the other side leading into large

chambers which formed right and left wings to the house. At the back of the hall to the left was a small passage with a door at the end that opened to reveal a secret circular stairway. In the front hall, a broad staircase branched midway to lead to the second story, which consisted of a roomy hall and four more barnlike chambers. On the left this hall led into a passage directly above and identical to the one on the first floor. At the end of this passage a door opened on the circular stairway which wound all the way up to the attic. Months later, in one of my brave moments, I climbed those dark stairs and stood in that big, dark, stuffy attic for the full period of one minute.

Underneath the body of the house was a huge damp dirt cellar whose blackness was pierced by one faint ray of light that broke through a tiny iron-barred window over in the corner.

On our first day at the new place, mother and I walked into the woods to pick some wild roses we had glimpsed through the trees, and when we turned to go back, to our utter surprise, we could not even find our way out of the thicket. I didn't like the situation, for it was growing dusky and my legs were beginning to sting from the thorn-pricks, so I started calling for help; and after several Tarzanish yells, I made myself heard. Both of us felt quite sheepish when we learned that we were less than a hundred yards from the house.

That night before going to bed I said my prayers twice and was on the third round when, from sheer exhaustion, I fell into a restless slumber. Such a nightmare I have never had before! A toothless old hag stood inside my room, holding a gleaming knife in her hand and beckoning me to follow her. One of the panels in the wall opened to admit us into a dark passage, through which I crept with her until we reached the big dirt cellar under the house. She drew me in after her and pointed to a row of silent figures hanging from the ceiling. To my horrow, I recognized the body of the murdered master, and, to the left of him, blue and grey uniformed figures. And then her voice split the stillness as she cackled "Ha, ha, I'm going to string you up by them." How long I'd been sobbing I have no idea but I awoke to find my mother patting me and saying "She shouldn't have eaten that pork—I knew she wouldn't sleep well." I thought to myself "pork indeed! that wasn't anything compared to the sharp knife that old hag had very nearly poked through me." I have never related my dream, but from that time until the day I moved away I refused to enter that cellar alone, and, though I slept in many rooms, I never again spent the night in that particular room.

As the months rolled by we became thoroughly familiar with the old house, and sometimes we would band ourselves together to search over the entire place for the old secret passage. One day a friend who was

visiting my father asked if he might search around in the cellars and see what he could discover. We started out with spades, shovels, axes, and a flashlight, entering first the low sandy cellar directly under the back porch. This cellar had formerly been a tall semi-circular, tower-like room probably used for prisoners, but necessity had forced us to tear away a portion of the room in order to build a back porch. It was while scraping around in this cellar that we struck a slab of stone, and down on our hands and knees we fell, working furiously to see what mystery might be hidden there. After digging down about four feet, we saw before us a pile of what seemed to be human bones. I couldn't help but wonder what horrible deed had been committed and whose spiritless body had been hidden under neath that slab. Shuddering, we heaped the sand back over those bones, and let the stone fall back in place to guard its dark secret.

From there we passed on into the big dirt cellar. Back and forth we stamped, trying to find some hollow space beneath the dirt floor. As I trod far back in one corner, I stumped my toe against an old rusty chain, and, stooping down to pick it up, discovered, to my great surprise, that it was attached to something underneath the dirt. My shouts brought the others, who started shoveling up the earth around it; and there under about two inches of dirt lay a heavy wooden door, which was fast decaying. Yells went up on every side, for everyone was sure that at last the entrance to the secret passage had been discovered; but on lifting the door we found only firm unyielding earth. Disappointed and disgusted we turned toward the big square chimney below the fireplaces on the first floor. One brick was out of place, so we flashed the light around to see what was on the inside. I insisted that I saw a rocking chair, but since none of the others could detect anything of any size or shape, they somewhat discouraged my relating it afterwards. We had searched the entire place with no luck, so we were forced to admit that there couldn't be a secret passage anywhere about the house. That is, the others admitted it; as for me, I wasn't so sure, for I couldn't forget my first nightmare, when that old hag had carried me through the passage.

I remember that very day, I had celebrated my thirteenth birthday, and, as I felt quite grown up, I decided to take a bedroom on the left side of the hall where I could have more privacy. The only room which presented itself was the one separated from the big hall by the small passage leading to the circular staircase; however, I had no qualms, and immediately moved all my room furnishings back there. I was just a bit upset when I discovered that I could not keep both doors to the room closed because, for some reason known only to the architect, every time I closed one door the other would fly open.

That night after supper we sat around a big open fireplace and told ghost stories, so I wasn't a bit sleepy when I went to my room. Deciding to read for a while, I struck a match to the lightwood-knots in the fireplace; used all my persuasive power to make both doors stay closed; and settled down comfortably to finish my thrilling mystery story. Just as the clock struck eleven I turned the last page and breathed a sigh of relief to find the hero and heroine very much alive. I crept into bed and waited for the Sandman to come and get me, but he seemed miles away, and I began to think of all kinds of spooky things. When I get frightened, I always repeat psalms or sing. I know now that the reason I can't carry a tune is because I had it scared or shaken out of me on those dark nights when I so bravely sang "Dare to be a Daniel." Well, that night I was repeating the twenty-third psalm, and just as I reached the verse "I will fear no evil," from that dark ghost-like cellar underneath my room arose the mose weird and mournful howling that ever yet has fallen upon the human ear. Why, at that particular moment, the door to the circular stairway opened, I don't know, but I do know that when the door opening into my room from that passage slowly creaked on its hinges, goose bumps popped out all over me, and I shook as though I had seventy chills. I couldn't utter a sound, and my heart was pounding like a sledge-hammer, but I tore out of the opposite door, through the living room, and across the great hall until I was safely deposited in my mother's bed.

The next morning we discovered that the washerwoman's dog had been locked in the cellar over night, so I was assured that my repose would not again be disturbed by a similar occurrence. I kept that room for the remainder of the season, and, though I completely lost my singing voice, it is to my credit that I memorized fifteen psalms during my brief stay there.

This experience was only one of the many that happened during my childhood, for each day was filled with new adventures, some of which were equally as pleasing and ridiculous as others were startling and terrifying.

I like to recall the woods and the big moss-covered oaks with their grape-vine swings. Only too well I recall the day I was swinging from the top of a steep hill when in mid-air the vine gave way and I hit the earth with a thud.

And then I remember the creek we used to go wading in. I've always been a little sorry that I took the minister's daughters wading that March day, especially since they both had colds. I still believe it would have been better if they had removed their shoes, but since their mother had forbidden their going barefooted, I didn't see how they could very well disobey her. If you could have seen her face when they appeared before

her with black muddy water oozing out of their shoes, you would have laughed right out loud, and that's exactly what I did. However, after their departure, the rod of correction fell heavily, as mother explained why I was being punished. I was yelling so lustily that all I heard was that she had to punish me because she loved me. I have never understood exactly what she meant, but, you know, I have an idea that her love reached its heights that day, because my legs bore evidence of it for days afterwards.

You have probably been wondering why the old Plantation was ever named Friendfield, for I have given you everything but a friendly picture of it, but please remember that I was only a child with a child's imagination. As I grew older, I often wondered how that dear old rambling house could have frightened me so much, for there really wasn't anything austere or mysterious about its appearance. In fact, it was one of the friendliest old places I've ever seen. Can't you just see that age-old white house with green trimmings, resting on its foundation of red brick from which sprouted soft green mossy fern? And the yard was full of the prettiest shrubbery shaded by the lazy, drooping weeping willow; the dainty, fluffy pink and white Mimosa; the delicately-perfumed Sweet Olive, and the variegated Japonicas, while over in a corner was a grove of deep rose Crepe Myrtle. But the prettiest and most interesting of all the trees was the high Norwegian Pine, standing like a sentinel at the corner of the porch, to guard it from the rays of the afternoon sun. All through the surrounding woods were giant oaks with long ropes of grey moss reaching down to caress the white dogwood scattered about. Just outside of the yard the old ivy covered well rested underneath a giant oak, while behind it a path led to the chicken yard, which was dotted here and there with hen-nests built built up off the ground to keep out prying eyes.

When I saw the picture "Carolina" it was not the snowy cotton fields that brought tears of homesickness to my eyes, but the familiar sight of that old hen as she hopped down from her nest and cackled in such a proud parental manner. What a flood of rich memories swept over me!

The background for all these childhood scenes was an enormous expanse of ricefield stretching far into the distance to meet the winding river. Everything about the old plantation breathed an atmosphere of quiet, restful beauty and friendliness, and I believe that somehow the title "Friendfield" must have fallen on it like a benediction. Surely the Artist must have dipped His brush into the rainbow and drawn it forth many-colored to paint so perfect a picture.

Child Fantasy

I knelt by my window
And looked into night
And saw but dim trees
And a sky,
Where sifting through clouds
That were clustered in heaps,
Bits of Stars dripped down
And slid by.

I walked out into night
And followed one star,
It tumbled a moon-splashed
way,
Where, hiding among
Tinkling, gold-plated leaves,
I watched fairy folk
At their play.

There were feather-toed duchesses,
Shadowy-green nymphs,
The peddler of dreams
With his pack,
A misty robed queen,
A tall, shining knight,
A gnome with a beard
And hunched back.

But I was discovered—alas—
And with horror
They dragged me forthwith
From my place,

In anger they screamed at me,
Queen, knight, and gnome,
And they kept me in chains
For a space.

They counseled; the queen waved
Her slim, silver wand,
A blue bird perched
On the throne
That was only a branch
Of a white birch tree—
For I, the blue bird,
Was alone.

FRANCHELLE SMITH

The Orchestra and Band in Modern Education

D. McCREIGHT

The educational influence of the band in modern life must be regarded from at least two viewpoints:

1. Its influence upon the great public which, through attendance at band concerts or over the radio, hears inspiring and ennobling music;

2. Its influence upon the thousands and thousands of young men and young women who join bands, notably school bands, and experience the invaluable mental and social discipline that the study of band instruments as well as the routine of a band organization, affords.

Strange to say, very few taxpayers have any idea how widespread is the band movement in public education and how seriously the educators of today regard the disciplinary value of these bands in public and private schools. At first they were frankly introduced as a kind of school extra-curricular activity, tolerated by the teachers only because the band was looked upon as a good publicity stunt for the school. Gradually, however, the teachers had so many evidences of the educational possibilities of the band that art was soon forgotten. Commander Sousa was the greatest and most beloved bandmaster that ever lived. He was also one of the best known figures in contemporary musical history. Thousands who have never heard of Bach, Beethoven, or Greig feel that they have known Sousa intimately.

The public should be educated to see that the fine band is also one of the most practical of municipal assets. Morals, policies, industry, and everything in a community depend upon the mental training and mental attitude of the members of the community. Nothing can be expected of a community in which the minds of the people are depressed, tired of life,

indifferent, and hopeless. Anything that will send people to their homes with a brighter outlook upon life must be of the greatest value to the state. Do music and the band do this? If you could see thousands of letters that have been received from people through the years, all telling in the most sincere and enthusiastic manner what concerts have meant to them in meeting their problems, you would not for a second doubt this. Large numbers of people travel daily from distant districts in and around New York to the different concerts, telling that they do it for the reason that the rest, stimulation, and inspiration they get help them to face their battles of the following day with renewed strength and courage. Surely this is an asset even to a city of the tremendous size of New York.

The plan proposed by "The Etude Music Magazine" to have the school bands march and remarch through the business sections of our American cities, in a series of New Prosperity Days during the week of October second to ninth, is sound psychologically and sociologically. It has the heartiest approval of the big band leaders, and they believe it will be adopted by sensible business men, educators, and band leaders everywhere. It will cost nothing, as there are possibly twenty-five thousand trained and uniformed bands which could participate in this at once. Merchants desiring to stimulate trade should know that nothing can more quickly drive away gloom and put people in better spirits than the music of stirring bands.

In 1916, there was a single public school band in the whole state of Wisconsin. A few years later a band concert was organized and held in a nearby locality. At this first meeting there were only about five bands in attendance. But the enthusiasm and interest was such that the directors were encouraged to continue. This enthusiasm for bands soon infected the entire state, with the result that several hundred schools now maintain bands. And it is important to note that those bands are not of the nondescript type of twenty-five years ago. Instead of being composed mainly of cornets, trombones, melophones, tubas, drums, and an occasional clarinet or saxophone, these bands generally maintain a high standard of instrumentation, being comparable in every respect to the instrumentation employed by the finest professional and military bands of Europe and America. It is equally worthy to note that, instead of confining their study to military marches, serenades, gavottes, medley overtures, and the quality of music generally used by the amateur band of several decades ago, those organizations spend a large portion of their time in the study of some of the choicest works of the foremost composers which have been transcribed for bands.

Class work in band or orchestra differs very materially from other class work. In rehearsal, instead of a similar problem being presented to

the entire class, each section—sometimes each individual—has its own problem. Certain of the instruments are playing the melody; the tubas are playing the foundational harmony notes on the beat; the horns are playing harmony on the after beats; the 'cello has a distinct counter melody; the flutes and oboes have independent bits of coloration; the trombones have independent sustained chords; the drums are playing special rhythmic figures. But all must be fitted carefully into the musical structure if an artistic whole is to be attained.

We study mathematics, science, ancient language—then forget much that has been taught us. Music accompanies us from the cradle to the grave. We cannot escape it if we would, and the wider a person's acquaintance with good musical literature, the greater amount of deep enjoyment will he be able to derive from life.

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

FRANCIS WM. BOURDILLON.

End Papers

EDWARD NEWTON

So far as I know, this is the only book which has the distinction of being substituted for a trip abroad. Mr. Newton had planned a European tour, but circumstances interferred and made it impossible for him to leave. Being a resourceful man, he immediately planned another trip, and this was to be an extended journey around his library, with protracted visits with old favorites and especially congenial book-friends. *End Papers* is the result of this tour, so they say. Anyway, it makes a good story.

The book is in the form of various essays, which range in subject from Agnes Repplier to Dickens. Among his intimate friends are older authors and some quite modern. Mr. Newton, apparently, has a particular regard for Trollope—in fact this dear old man is the topic for one of the most interesting of the essays. Mr. Newton ranks the "Trollopians" as persons of very superior intellect and exquisite taste. (The insinuation is such as to make you an admirer of Trollope from pure self-respect!)

Among other interesting topics are Lamb's *Old Benchers,* Lawrence Sterne, and a liberal sprinkling of advice on book-collecting. In fact, it was this latter which lingered with me most vividly. Mr. Newton is an authority in the field of valuable editions, and no lover of books can read of first editions of Keats and the Brontes without pangs of envy. In *End Papers,* the author gives just a glimpse of the fascination of book-collecting which he reveals more fully in *The Amenities of a Book-Collector.*

Mr. Newton has that style which is indispensable in this type of writing. Whimsical, humorous, and clever, he speaks of interesting and intellectual topics in such a way as to keep a perpetual smile on the face of the reader. He eulogizes Dickens and laughs at himself in the same breath. It is this dual capacity for wit and intellectuality which renders him so readable, instructive, and entertaining.

DOROTHY FOARD

Who's Who

Dot McCreight makes her first and last appearance in the *Sceptre* this time, with one of her first published literary efforts, last because Dot is graduating in June. She is very talented, having sung with the trio, and having given her graduating recital in piano.

Beck McClary needs no introduction to the student body, since she has been so busy governing that gang of students the past year, she has only now found time to make a contribution to the *Sceptre*.

Anne McLaughlin is another senior who has been too busy these last few months to do any serious literary work before now, but she has contributed to the different publications from time to time during her college career, and did outstanding work in her creative writing classes in high school.

Jo Dandridge is another good example of high correlation among good traits. Just completing her dramatic recital, she gives the *Sceptre* her last contribution, and her work needs no introduction, her essays being the joy of the students here for four years.

Franchelle Smith is the very promising Freshman who has already made her poetic appearance in these pages. Remember her "Communion"?

Mrs. Townsend is being very gracious when she allows us to publish the beautiful "Birches," since it is so essentially a personal thing. She wrote it first on a bit of bark from a New England birch tree, as she lay watching that very lake, and the poem is taken from the bit of birch bark.

Eve Hill is a name we all know. Her work speaks for itself. We are very sorry that we will lose her contributions with her graduation, but we are expecting to hear great things of her.

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